

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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POETRY.

RECLAIMING THE ANGELS.

By ALICE BARKER.

Oh smiling land of the sunset,
How my heart to thy beauty thrills—
Veiled dimly to-day with the shadow
Of the greenest of all thy hills!

Where daisies lean to the sunshine,
And the winds a whispering go,
And break into shining showers
Of the silver-dancing rye.

The mist in the vale below,
Where the willows hang out their tassets,
With dew on white and cold,
Strung over their wands so limber,

Like pearls upon chords of gold;
Where in milky-hedged hawthorn
The red-winged thrushes sing,
And the wild-vine bright and flaunting,
Twines many a scarlet ring;

Where, under the rippled billows
Of the silver-dancing rye,
We ran in and out with the zephyr—
My sunny-haired brother and I.

Oh, when the green kites of May-time,
Again o'er the hill tops are blown,
I shall walk the wild paths of the forest
And climb the steep head lands alone—

Peering not where the slopes of the meadows
Are yellow with cowslip beds,
Nor where, by the wall of the garden,
The hollyhocks lift their bright heads,

In hollows that dimple the hill-sides,
Our feet till the sunset had been,
Where pinks with their spikes of red blossoms,
Hedged beds of blue violets in.

While the warm lip of the sunbeam
The cheek of the blush rose inclined,
And the pansy's white bloom was flushed with
The murmurous love of the wind.

But when the heavy tresses
That sweep o'er the dying day,
The star of the eve like a lover
Was hiding his blushes away.

As we came to a mournful river
That flowed to a lovely shore,
"Oh, sister," he said, "I am weary—
I cannot go back any more!"

And seeing that round about him
The wings of the angels shone—
I parted the locks from his forehead
And kissed him and left him alone.

But a shadow comes over my spirit
Whenever I think of the hours
I trusted his feet to the pathway
That winds through eternity's flowers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Belmont Chronicle.

THE RUM-SELLER'S VICTIM.

By JAMES W. UMBREED.

Could I call around me the young men of this nation, I would say: "Lords of my country, blessed be ye of the Lord now in the days of your youth; but look well to your footsteps, for vipers, and scorpions, and adders, surround your way."

In the Summer of 1850, while on my way from Harrisburg to P., I noticed a young man and his wife seated in one corner of the car. The woman looked as though she had seen the blossoms of some twenty-two Summers. Although so young, sorrow was stamped upon her face, and to her, trouble had never been a stranger. The young man's personal appearance denoted nothing more than an ordinary laboring man. But there was something about his actions that I could not at first understand. He would sometimes start up, like one awaking from an unpleasant dream. He would roll his eyes wildly around him, while terror was depicted on his countenance—then fall into an undisturbed reverie.

We passed the pleasant valley of the Juniata, and at length arrived at Johnstown; here we had to exchange the swift flight of the cars, for the slow and tedious canal. The boat was lying in the dock awaiting the arrival of the cars. Our baggage was removed to the boat, and we walked on board. She showed out from the dock, and we were soon floating down among the tall mountains of old Allegheny.

Soon the curtains of night shrouded us in darkness, then our young friend grew unmistakable evidence of some impending calamity that was about to befall him. The cloud that had been settling on his mind through the day was now about to break; and show him to be the rum-seller's victim.

When the passengers retired to their berths he refused to go, but sat on deck all night, often uttering some of the most profane language that ever saluted the ears of man. He would call wildly on the name of his wife, and utter oaths that would make the blood run cold in the rum-seller's veins.

Just as day began to break on the following morning, we were awakened by the cries of a female on deck; we sprang from our berths and rushed to the spot and saw the poor fellow struggling in the water some distance astern. He had jumped overboard.

The boat was now put ashore, and the unfortunate man was rescued from his perilous situation and brought on board; a change of clothes was prepared for him and he was taken into the cabin.

He walked the cabin in great distress; at length he fancied he saw a fiend rise from the dark regions, that was to drag him down

to a drunkard's hell! He flew from the embrace of his wife, and shot through the open window into the river.

The boat was run ashore, and he was again rescued and brought on board; he was taken into the cabin and bound hand and foot. I cannot describe that scene; close to him sat his wife, as he lay bound on the cushioned seats of the cabin, the picture of melancholy despair. The rose had faded from her cheek; she sat in silent horror, regarding the convulsive spasms and agonizing countenance of her horror-stricken husband. It was a horrible sight to those who had never seen such a sight before—he was a raving maniac, in all the horrors of the mania-a-potu.

He tried to burst the fetters that bound him, and cried with a voice of despair: "Don't you see them? I will not go; go away! Go away!" His wife would ask, "What do you see, John?" Then his face would assume the most horrid expression, and pointing to one corner of the boat, would exclaim, "There they come, those devils! grinning at me and catching at me with their fiery fangs; for God's sake drive them away! Oh, take away those horrid looking serpents! Out see those hellish demons that are flying all around me, they have come to torment me before my time."

Then he would make gestures with his hands as though he was driving something away from him.

A minister was called on board; he tried to divert his attention with books from the imaginary evils with which he was surrounded; but the good man's efforts were of no avail he continued to rave until we arrived at P.

Often his terror was so great that his whole frame would quiver like a leaf in an autumn's gale. At this point I had to leave them to continue my journey home in Ohio. I was but a youth when I witnessed the scene narrated above, yet it made a deep & lasting impression on my young and tender mind. I would shudder with horror when the thought would rush into my mind, and exclaim half aloud, "OH RUM-SELLERS! Thou destroyer of the human race! thou robber man of his intellect, and maketh him worse than the wild beast of the forest, or the savage of the far West."

How many of the sons of America have fallen by the hand of the rum-seller! If you will know, go to our almshouses and you will see them crowded with paupers and to our State prisons, and you will see them crowded with convicts; ask them the question, How came you here! And the answer will be, the rum-seller sent me here by selling me rum. Oh, rum-seller, I ask of you in the name of humanity—in the name of all that is sacred, to abandon the trade. If I could gather all the raving maniacs—all the wretched inebriates—all the heart-broken widows and orphan children, and hold them up before him, methinks, if there is a spark of feeling in his heart for his fellow-men, he would at once and forever abandon the trade.

THE CRIME OF DELAY.

You ask, dear Jim, why I took so much interest in that boy? I will tell you, mark me, you must never allude to the subject again. I had thought, that for my own credit, no one should ever know the reason of my solicitude concerning him, or why his death has affected me so deeply. But he is dead now, and lest you should misconstrue my interest in him to my prejudice, I will tell you frankly all that I know of him, so far as it affects myself.

I was not always, you are aware, dear Jim, the man you have recently known me. I once had position and influence, and when you first knew me, had never done any act to bring a blush to the cheek of friend or relative. But of this, enough. It sufficeth, that one year ago, or thereabouts, as I went to my office on a beautiful morning in March, I noticed a boy walking down the street, just ahead of me, looking pale, emaciated, and yet beautiful. There was a peculiar—an exceedingly anxious look, that I had never seen before. There was the face of a boy with the anxiety of a man. It struck me to look at him. I perceived that it was with difficulty he could restrain himself from sobbing aloud. When he saw me he repressed his emotion, and spoke up with an obvious effort of unconcern.

"Please, Sir, are you not the editor of the 'Chronicle'?"

"Yes," said I, "my fine fellow, and what can I do for you?"

"Mother's sick, Sir, and we are very poor and I want to get a place to work."

"What can you do?" said I.

"O, I will try to do anything," he replied, "but I don't know what I can do, for I always went to school before I came to California; I will try to do anything."

The boy interested me, and though I am a callous man, when buffeting with the world has hardened prematurely, I could not allow him to leave me till I had given him a word of comfort.

"My fine fellow," said I, "can you come to my office at seven o'clock this evening?"

"I will," answered he, "I will do anything to earn some money for my poor sick mother."

I took a five dollar piece from my pocket, and put it into his hand. Had I a right to do it? I had often said I ought to pay my honest debts, before I thought of charity. Had I a right to do it? Yes.

The boy looked at the money then he looked at me, and then burst into tears.

Dear Jim, believe me, I had a great mind to cry, too. Said he, "did I act like a beggar?" As he spoke the word "beggar," he burst out again, and the tears gushed forth afresh.

"No, my lad," said I, "but take that to your mother, and this evening I will have a place for you, so that you can earn the money and when you have enough of it, perhaps you can pay me back."

He held the coin toward me and said, "Take the money, I am not a beggar, and as my father, who is dead, and my mother,

who is dying, told me to starve sooner than beg—I shall not take it.

He was so earnest, that to have refused would have offended him more, and so requesting him to call on me at seven o'clock in the evening, I told him to go home to his mother, and tell her that he had found a friend who would get him a situation.

He tripped away with a light heart. I went my way, thinking how I could and would befriend him. It was only the day before, that a friend had told me he wanted a boy of about his years, and if he was faithful and trustworthy, would pay him a liberal salary. I resolved in my own mind, I would do and see him immediately after breakfast.

But, The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

At the breakfast table I got engaged in an angry political discussion. The Senatorial election was on the tapis, and we had got news that morning, that a reverend Senator, belonging to our side, had sold out and gone over to the enemy. I went down town after breakfast to learn the facts of the matter. I talked with one and another, till the case of the poor boy was quite driven out of my head. Before I returned, the dispatches began to arrive from the capital, and what with talking to interested friends, and writing for the next morning's paper, I quite forgot the pale-faced boy and his dying mother.

At seven o'clock the came. My heart smote me when I saw him, for I had neglected and forgotten my promises. But told him, "God forgive me,—not so much for the deception as the neglect,—that I could not see the man that I thought would employ him, but if he would come the next day at 10 o'clock, I would get him a situation, and pay him the first month's salary in advance. Dejected, he turned upon his heel and left the office."

The next morning I went to my friend's store; he was out for a few minutes. While I was standing in his door an acquaintance with a fine horse and buggy came along and asked me to ride with him to the Mansion. I at once consented, thinking to call as I came in. We went to the Mansion, and from there to the race-course. Time flew swiftly, and before I was aware of it, two o'clock had passed, and I came home to find that the boy had been to see me and had gone away. I did not suppose I would see him again that night, and would put off the matter—so important to him—till the next morning.

But he came again in the evening, and I had to tell him that I had been away. The next day, at twelve, however, should see him in his new place.

It was nearly twelve of the next day, when I thought myself of my promise. I hastened down to see my friend and found that I was too late, the vacancy had been filled about an hour before. Conscience smitten, I returned to my office, and I met the boy's anxious look as I entered the door. I told him I had just been to see about the promised situation, and it was taken. Yet I thought I could get him a place soon. He thanked me, but his heart was bursting. I saw that an anxiety, terrible for one so young, was wearing his life away.

The next day I found him a place, and engaged it for him! I sat in my office writing, when the door softly opened, and he entered. He was pale, but calmer than I had before seen him.

"Well, my fine fellow," said I, "I have got you a place at last. You are to have twenty-five dollars a week, and you shall have a whole month's salary in advance if you like."

He came toward me and handed me a slip of paper. It was a notice for the newspaper, and announced the death of his mother!

I have had many severe crosses, my dear Jim,—I have felt that all was lost, and that my life was not worth a rush. I have seen my fondest hopes crushed by one fell blow. I have felt to cry out in agony at the cruel fate that pursued me, but all that I ever suffered was nothing to what I felt when I looked on that pale, calm, intellectual boy, with his bright, blue eyes, gazing superhumanly into mine, and thought, how that perhaps, but for my neglect, his mother might then have been alive. I know not how I looked, or how I acted, but I know that man never suffered more in a short space of time than I did. I have never got over it yet, and I never shall. You may not be able to realize the full force of it, but "I would not have the same touch of heart-break again,—no, not for all the lands ever owned by McGregory."

After that, I tried to do what I could to drive away the deep melancholy that seemed to have settled upon him. But he would not be comforted. He seemed to be impressed with the idea that there in San Francisco, where so many live in extravagance and splendor, his only friend, his beloved and affectionate mother, had been allowed to perish in abject poverty and neglect. I attended the funeral, and interested some of my friends in the case, so that she had a decent burial. But the boy thanked me not. How could he feel gratitude, that I had shown an interest in the deed, which I had denied to the living? He seemed disinclined to receive any favor from me, and his clear, calm, mild eyes, was too much for me to look at. I quailed before it, as I never quailed before. That he might not suppose that it was I who was acting in his behalf, I got a friend to offer him a situation, where he could earn more than his support.

But he did not get it long. He grew pale and paler each day, and soon was too weak to attend to his duties at all. I watched him with more than fraternal interest, and often went to see him at his room. It was evident that he would soon die. I procured a watchman for my own presence seemed to trouble him, and when I went the next day to see him, I found that he was dead. He died, as he had lived, cursing me, I believe, in his heart. I felt, while he lived, that his curse was justly upon me, and I have often recalled the terrible lines of Coleridge:

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;

But oh, more terrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!"

He is dead now, dear Jim, but this lesson I have learned,—never again to put off the business of another for the sake of my own. Life or death may depend upon his, while mine, you know, is of little importance; for though life be at stake, I ask why I should perpetuate so fitful an existence!

Major Backus.

During the attack upon the city of Monterey, General Garland's brigade entered the city, and after a desperate conflict in the streets, pushed its way to a Mexican battery which opened a tremendous cannonade upon the column, by which he lost many men. Garland's voice was then heard above the din of battle, "Retire in good order!"

Major Backus had lost several men, but enough had joined him, from companies broken up during the fight, to swell his command to a hundred or more. With these he had seized a strong stone building near the battery whose fire had been so fatal to our troops, and mounting the flat roof he instantly determined to hold his position. The remainder of the brigade retired from the city, the guns of the battery were then turned upon the building, against which the iron storm thundered, shattering stone and mortar in all directions.

Backus seized a musket, and taking deliberate aim, fired into the battery, and, finding it within reach of his shot, he ordered his command to pour in a rapid and steady fire. In a few minutes he observed the enemy waver, and then all but the killed and wounded ran off leaving their guns unmaneuvered. He then turned his fire on a large force who had taken post on the roof of a church. A half-dozen rounds sent them tumbling over the sides to the ground. Major Backus then descended from his post with ten men to reconnoiter. After passing up the street some distance, he turned to regain his position, but found himself cut off by a large column of Mexican soldiers, who were rapidly advancing upon him. Here was a dilemma. To retreat was out of the question. The Mexican army was behind him. To stand and fire upon the enemy was certain death. They outnumbered him fifty to one, and did not lack courage in a fusillade. So the gallant Major instantly determined to charge them with the bayonet, and, forming his men in line across the street, with a loud shout they charged upon the full run. The glimmer of the cold steel operated like magic; the Mexican column halted; the front files wavered; on went the ten Yankees, yelling like tigers; the front files turned about to get behind the second, third, &c.; but on went the ten Yankees, their burnished bayonets glittering in the sunbeams, resolved to sell their lives dearly; on went the ten Yankees, and by the time they got within twenty feet of the head of the column, the whole body was on a keen run, as though the d—d was after them, and the Major regained his post and held it until the brigade returned and took possession of the battery, without the loss of a man.

After the city was taken Major Backus called on "Old Zach," in whose regiment he had long served in Florida. The General asked him about his remaining alone with his small force among the enemy.

"The only fear I had about it," said Backus, "was, that you would not sustain me in it."

"Sustain you!" said the old veteran, and his eyes glanced with their wonted fire; "I will sustain any man who keeps his face toward the enemy."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE UNFADING HEART.

An old man walked near a time-worn church, having gone thither to visit the grave of one long departed. He had been weeping; and as he turned his eyes heavenward, tears glistened therein. He wore in a button hole a faded ribbon, which ever and anon he looked upon, then again lifted his face to the skies, muttered some soft words of love, and continued weeping.

Some children standing by derided the old man saying, "Father give us thy ribbon; it is old and can be of no worth to thee." But the old man clasped the ribbon in his hands and thought sadly of one he loved, who died while her bridal garments still adorned her.

They had loved long and truly, and had married in the full vigor of their youth.

But as they were returning from church they chanced to meet a rush of people, who were being driven before the soldiery in some of those emulous for which France is so notorious. The married pair were riding in a car, and when the report of musketry was heard, the bridegroom became excited, and stretching out of the window he marked the tumult for a moment, then turned to calm the fears of his wife. Alas! the quiet of death was upon her—a bullet had entered her young heart; and there she leaned, as before she sat—a sweet smile upon her face, her lips still warm, but dead!

On that unhappy morning, the old man took a ribbon from her breast, and ever—night and day—he had worn it near his heart. Sixty years had passed since then, but he had never sought another love. But, gazing upon the ribbon, he saw her he loved ever by his side. And when the children derided him, he meekly replied—"The heart, my dear children, is not like a ribbon. No! No! believe me the heart never grows old."

A NEW CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—We make the following extract from a letter dated New Orleans, May 9, 1855, from an officer in the army:

"I send you herewith some seeds for distribution, used here in the cure of the bite of a mad dog. It is considered as an effectual remedy in the parish of St. Bernard, of this State and the cures which are stated to have been effected from their use are certainly very remarkable. I regret not being able to give you their botanical name; but the plant is a tropical one, coming from Mexico—I believe from the department of Tabasco. The seeds are called here 'graines contre la rage,' and are used as follows:

"Three of them are broken up or pouched

into small pieces, and put into a wine glass in the best sherry, (Xeres,) and allowed to steep for about twenty-four hours, and then, being well stirred up, swallowed by the patient. This dose is repeated three times a day for about nine days, when the person or animal may be considered as cured. I am told that even dogs which have been bitten by a rabid animal have been cured by this treatment, or by putting a quantity of these seeds in their food."

"The seeds must be soaked in water twenty-four hours before planting, and the plants must be protected from the rays of the sun whilst still young and tender. It resembles much the Okra plant, and should be planted late in spring."

Old Times and Now.

We make the following spicy extracts from the late address of Hon. Thos. Corwin, before the Mechanics Institute of Cincinnati:

The world, indeed, turns out better men and women than it did in ages past. For instance, David, the King of Israel, was doubtless the best as well as the greatest man of his time; yet, if David was now a citizen of Palestine, though he was the Lord's anointed, and a very good man, I doubt whether the Whig or Democratic party, if any such parties exist, or the Know-Nothing or the Sag Nixits, (quiet fellows, I believe, who say nothing,) would venture to bring David's name before the country as a candidate for the Presidency. The morality of the law, "Do unto others as ye would others do unto you," has now become incorporated into the convictions of the country, and the result of it was, that shrewd leaders would say:—Will it do! Won't the opposition get hold of that queer case of Uriah's? No, we must have Quincy or Douglas, and David must be withdrawn for want of good moral character.—David had not been properly taught the great law of doing unto others as he would have others do unto him.

In further illustration, suppose Jacob and Laban had been citizens of Cincinnati, and the bargain between the two about the latter's daughter had been brought before my excellent friend Storor in his court, and it had been shown that Jacob had been defrauded, what would my friend have done? Why, he would have made them a speech to this purport: "Laban, we are sorry to have to decide this case against you, but really it looks as though you wanted Jacob to work for nothing. Give him your daughter; if they don't live happily together after they are married, then Jacob can go to Kansas and print an anti-slavery paper. Laban pay the costs."

Then there is the case of Noah—after the deluge, he was probably the best man alive, but the old commodore would get tight, which would have qualified him, under our Ohio liquor law, for the Hamilton county jail, had he lived among us. His children, indeed, behaved very badly, which shows they could have enjoyed the inestimable advantages of the Sabbath school.

Our Changing Climate.

The following beautiful passage, by Washington Irving, might almost make a November day cheerful:—"Here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate, which are so often made the subject of exclusive reprobation. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the beautiful sunshine of the South of Europe with the fresh verdure of the North.—They doat our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints of deep whiteness and send down cooling showers to freshen the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom.—It may have its howling winds, and chilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms; but it has also, its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day, when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance. And then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation and vociferous with life!—the splendour of our summer, its morning palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in deep azure sky, and gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of Heaven shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of the woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of our sky! Surely we may say that in our climate 'The Heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.'"

TOBACCO.

It costs more than education or religion, the army or navy. It costs England and America a sum sufficient to support 50,000 missionaries with a salary of \$1,000—or more than 100,000 missionaries. The students in one college pay more than \$6,000 for cigars yearly. It tends to idleness, and poverty, strong drink, and the whole family of vice. It tends to debility, dyspepsia, palsy, cancers, insanity, delirium tremens, and sudden deaths. It wastes a winding sheet around 20,000 in our land every year.

"CAN'T I USE TOBACCO, SIR, IF I PLEASE?"

O, yes, my friend, you can be a chewing, smoking, snuffing, disgusting mortal, if you please. So can your little son.

"Stand aside, my little boy, I want to pass."

"Don't call me a little boy, sir, I have smoked and chewed these two years."

A SMOXY WORLD THIS!

Bishops, doctors, deacons, lawyers, smoke! Boys smoke! Little ragged, dirty, thieving, boys smoke.

"Father," said an arch, "ain't you opposed to monopolies?"

"Yes."

"Then get me a box of Havana and a shawl."

REMEDY.

1. Never use it yourself.

2. Banish it from your family and premises.

3. Purify the church.

4. Rebuke the manufacture and sale of it.

5. Look after schools, and save the young.

6. Sign and circulate this pledge: I hereby pledge myself to abstain from the use of tobacco in all forms, totally and forever.

To be held in Poughkeepsie.—*Tribune.*

INTemperance.

The trial of Burris for the murder of his wife and four children is given in the Oregon papers. It is a terrible detail, and in a blossom of whiskey. He was a constant drinker, but seldom drunk; yet he possessed that constitutional peculiarity which drinking ripened into insanity. In this state he killed his wife and four children and fired his house, and, standing a short distance from the burning pile, instantly watched the flames. One witness testified as follows:

"When I arrived at the burning house I found the prisoner standing and looking at the fire, staggering and reeling, with the bottle in his hand containing liquor. My belief is that he was both crazy and drunk. I said, 'Where are your wife and children?' He replied, 'They are all burnt.' 'Burnt?' I asked. He said 'Yes.' I said, 'What in the world did you do that for, Burris?' He replied, 'Because I could not maintain them.' He appeared wild and different from himself either sober or in liquor. I was afraid of him. He had plenty of provisions in the house and a good supply of pork. He treated his children well and kept them nice, and at the table he saw they were helped. They had the best manners of any children in the neighborhood. I thought he must have been insane to have done such a thing. My opinion remained the same. I thought insanity might have been caused by the use of liquor. I never heard from his wife or any one else that there was any difficulty in the family."

The jury returned the prisoner "not guilty by reason of derangement of mind." The prisoner was remanded to jail, and had steadily refused food and drink for the last ten days.

THE CASE OF ARRISSON.—We learn from the Cincinnati Gazette that on Thursday last the District Court allowed the writ of error in the case of the State of Ohio against Wm. H. Arrisson, was for some time ago convicted of murder for killing a man and his wife in Cincinnati by means of an infernal machine.

The point on which the Court allowed the writ and ordered a new trial is that Judge Finck erred in his charge to the jury by saying to them, "If you find the defendant guilty, you must find him guilty of murder in the first degree." It was not stated that they might convict of manslaughter, and no discretion was left them in regard to any other grade of crime. The jury were, therefore, instructed to find a verdict in form which the law did not authorize. It was true that Judge Finck had afterwards alluded to the Judge's charge of the crime of murder, but it was hard to extract any sense from his language on that subject.

The case was remanded to the Court of Common Pleas for a new trial.

The Gazette states that the case, as it now stands, is an anomalous one. In consequence of this order remanding it to the Court of Common Pleas it cannot go back to the Criminal Court, even should that be finally decided still in being. The act of the Legislature transferring the business of the Criminal Court to the Court of Common Pleas is so defective that it may be declared to be inoperative, entirely null & void, and if so Arrisson cannot be tried by that court. So the case may come to be entirely out of the jurisdiction of any tribunal.

Is There any Forgetting?

Dr. Rush tells us that when he was called upon to attend, on their death-beds, aged Swedes, who for forty, fifty and sixty years had lost the use of their native tongue, the long suspended faculty would be recalled in approaching death, and they would talk, pray and sing Swedish. Dr. Johnson, also, when it came his turn to die, spoke, not in the march of his own majestic rhetoric—passed by even the cadences of those Latin lyrics on which he had once so much loved to dwell—but was heard with his sinking voice muttering a child's prayer which he had learned on his mother's knee. Strange, indeed, is the Providence, and yet so wisely illustrative of the absence of time as an element in the divine economy, which thus brings together the two extreme points of human history—birth and death!

TOBACCO.

It costs more than education or religion, the army or navy. It costs England and America a sum sufficient to support 50,000 missionaries with a salary of \$1,000—or more than 100,000 missionaries. The students in one college pay more than \$6,000 for cigars yearly. It tends to idleness, and poverty, strong drink, and the whole family of vice. It tends to debility, dyspepsia, palsy, cancers, insanity, delirium tremens, and sudden deaths. It wastes a winding sheet around 20,000 in our land every year.

"CAN'T I USE TOBACCO, SIR, IF